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DUCKBURG. HUXLEY PLAZA. IT'S THE DAWN OF AUGUST 20.
WOOOOOSSSH
HERE WE GO!
SHAAA
WHAAMMM

I - PK - 14

TURISTI DALLO SPAZIO

COME ON, THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!
GRRCLAP
TAKE OUT YOUR PHYSIOKITS!
FFZZZZZZ
VERY GOOD!

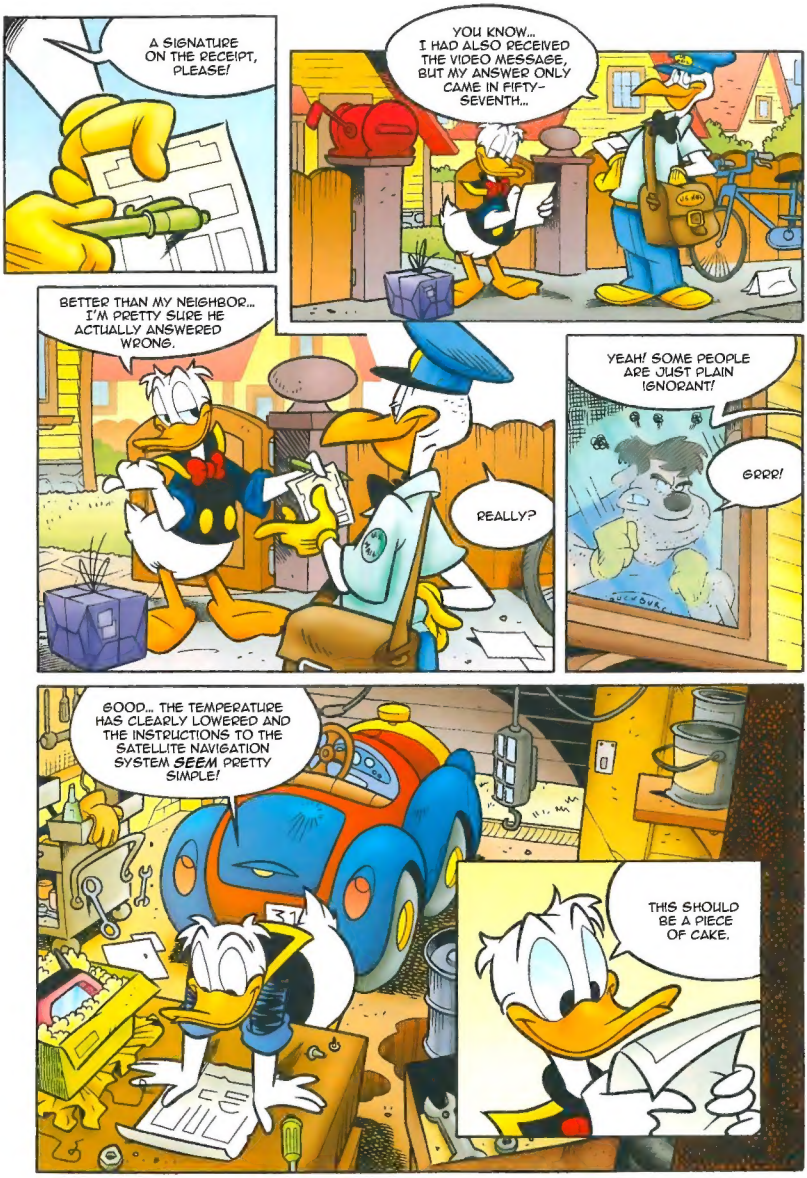
THERE ARE STILL A FEW THINGS TO PERFECT, BUT IT WILL DO.
COME ON, FOLLOW ME!
WHAT YOU SEE TO YOUR RIGHT IS A SCULPTURE MADE BY RENOWNED SCULPTOR ARNALDO DUCKDORO.
FURTHER ON WE'LL COME ACROSS THE ARTIST'S SIXTEEN OTHER WORKS...
... ALL ABSOLUTELY IDENTICAL TO THE ONE YOU JUST SAW!
PERFECT!

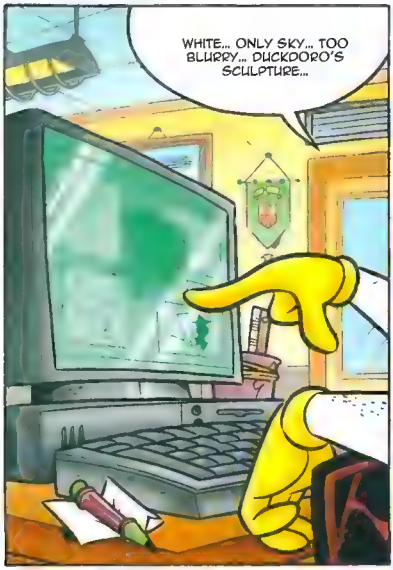
FORTY DEGREES... THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN GOING OUT IN THIS HEAT, EH?
YEAH...
WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, NEIGHBOR, I BETTER SHUT THIS WINDOW...
SO THAT I CAN ENJOY THE MOST OF MY NEW AIR CONDITIONER!
SGRUNT!
?
BLIIIP
?
BIIP

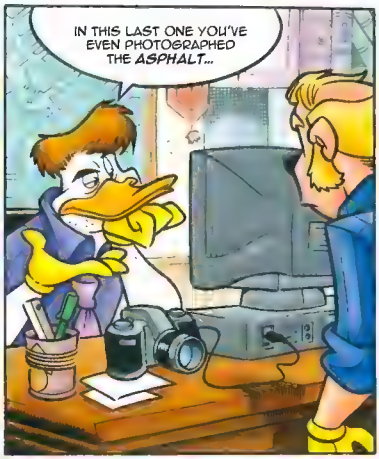
IT'S A VIDEO MESSAGE!
GOOD DAY TO YOU. YOU ARE AMONG THE LUCKY ONES NAVIGATOR SPA HAS GIVEN THE CHANCE TO WIN ITS NEW SATELLITE NAVIGATION MODEL.
TO GET A HOLD OF THIS SPLENDID OBJECT, YOU MUST BE AMONG THE FIRST FIFTY TO ANSWER A SIMPLE QUESTION.
WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE RECEIVER OF THE DUCKBURG 49ERS?
I KNOW.
JERRY DUCK!
JERRY PAPERICE
CORRECT ANSWER! YOU'VE WON!

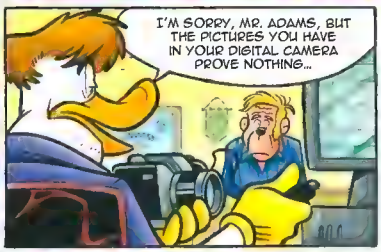
WRONG ANSWER!
OH YEAH? THEN... TAKE THAT!
CRASH
AM I WRONG, OR DID I JUST HEAR THE SOUND OF A VIDEOPHONE BEING SMASHED TO PIECES?
YEAH, YOU'RE WRONG!
I JUST WON A SATELLITE NAVIGATION SYSTEM! AND YOU?
ME TOO.
YOU KNOW WHAT? SAVE IT! I STILL HAVE THE AIR CONDITIONER!
SBAM

HAVE YOU SEEN MORE ALIENS, ADAMS?
HOW MANY ANTENNAS DID THEY HAVE THIS TIME?
WHO'S THAT GUY?
HIS NAME'S RICHARD ADAMS.
HA HA HA!
LAUGH ALL YOU WANT, BUT HE WHO LAUGHS LAST LAUGHS BEST.
IT'S THE FOURTH TIME HE'S COME HERE THESE LAST TEN DAYS, CLAIMING TO HAVE SEEN ALIENS...
IN A PUBLIC SQUARE IN DUCKBURG! HE HE!
HMM...


A SIGNATURE ON THE RECEIPT, PLEASE!
YOU KNOW... I HAD ALSO RECEIVED THE VIDEO MESSAGE, BUT MY ANSWER ONLY CAME IN FIFTY-SEVENTH...
BETTER THAN MY NEIGHBOR... I'M PRETTY SURE HE ACTUALLY ANSWERED WRONG.
REALLY?
YEAH! SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST PLAIN IGNORANT!
GRRR!
GOOD... THE TEMPERATURE HAS CLEARLY LOWERED AND THE INSTRUCTIONS TO THE SATELLITE NAVIGATION SYSTEM SEEM PRETTY SIMPLE!
THIS SHOULD BE A PIECE OF CAKE.


WHITE... ONLY SKY... TOO BLURRY... DUCKDORO'S SCULPTURE...


IN THIS LAST ONE YOU'VE EVEN PHOTOGRAPHED THE ASPHALT...

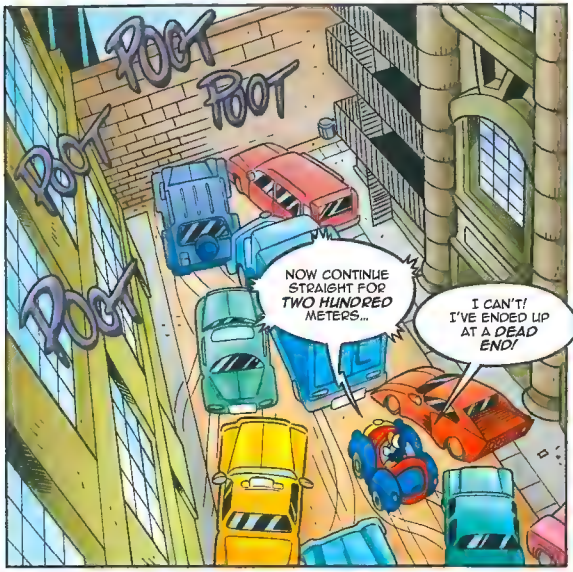

I'M SORRY, MR. ADAMS, BUT THE PICTURES YOU HAVE IN YOUR DIGITAL CAMERA PROVE NOTHING...

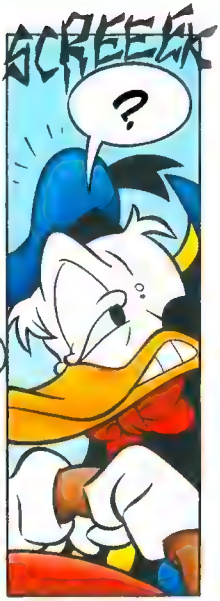
WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME AND TRY NOT TO LINGER AROUND THAT SQUARE?

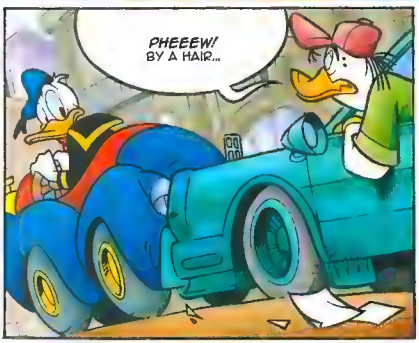
WE DON'T WASTE TIME HERE!

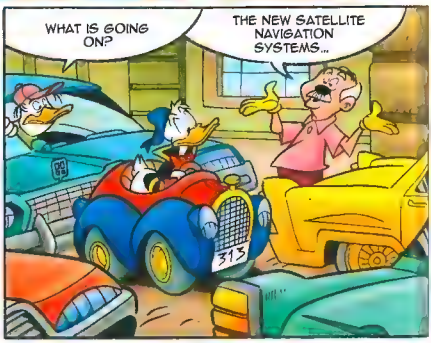
MR. ADAMS!
WHAT IS IT? DO YOU ALSO WANT TO MAKE FUN OF ME?
I AM LYLA LAY, WORKING FOR OO-CHANNEL.COM...
ON THE CONTRARY...
"... AND I'D LIKE YOU TO TAKE ME TO THE SQUARE OF YOUR SIGHTINGS."
THIS IS IT, THOUGH NOW THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE!
THE ALIENS ARRIVE AT TEN IN THE EVENING, WHEN IT'S CLEARED OUT.

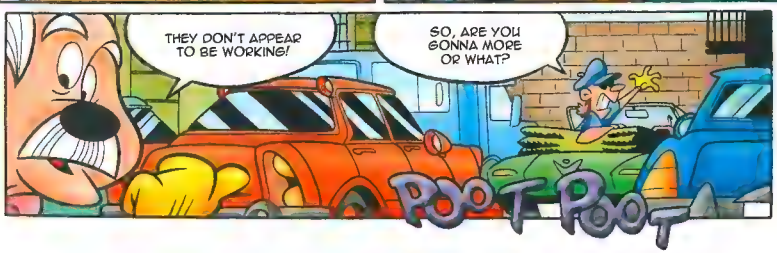
TAKE THE FIRST TURN TO THE RIGHT!
313
ARE YOU SURE? DUCKMALL CENTER IS ON THE OTHER SIDE...
TAKE THE RIGHT!
ALRIGHT... MAYBE THIS IS A SHORTCUT...
SCREEEEEK


POOT
POOT
POOT
POOT
NOW CONTINUE STRAIGHT FOR TWO HUNDRED METERS...
I CAN'T! I'VE ENDED UP AT A DEAD END!

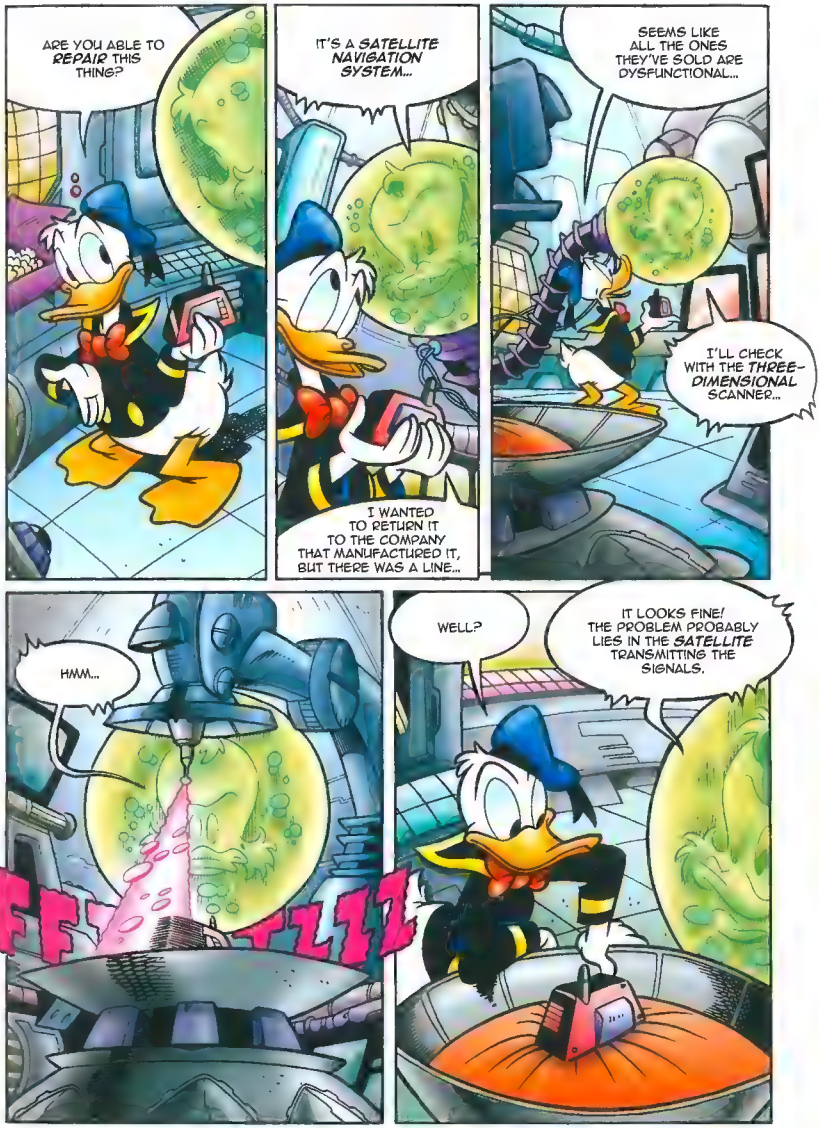

SCREEEK
?

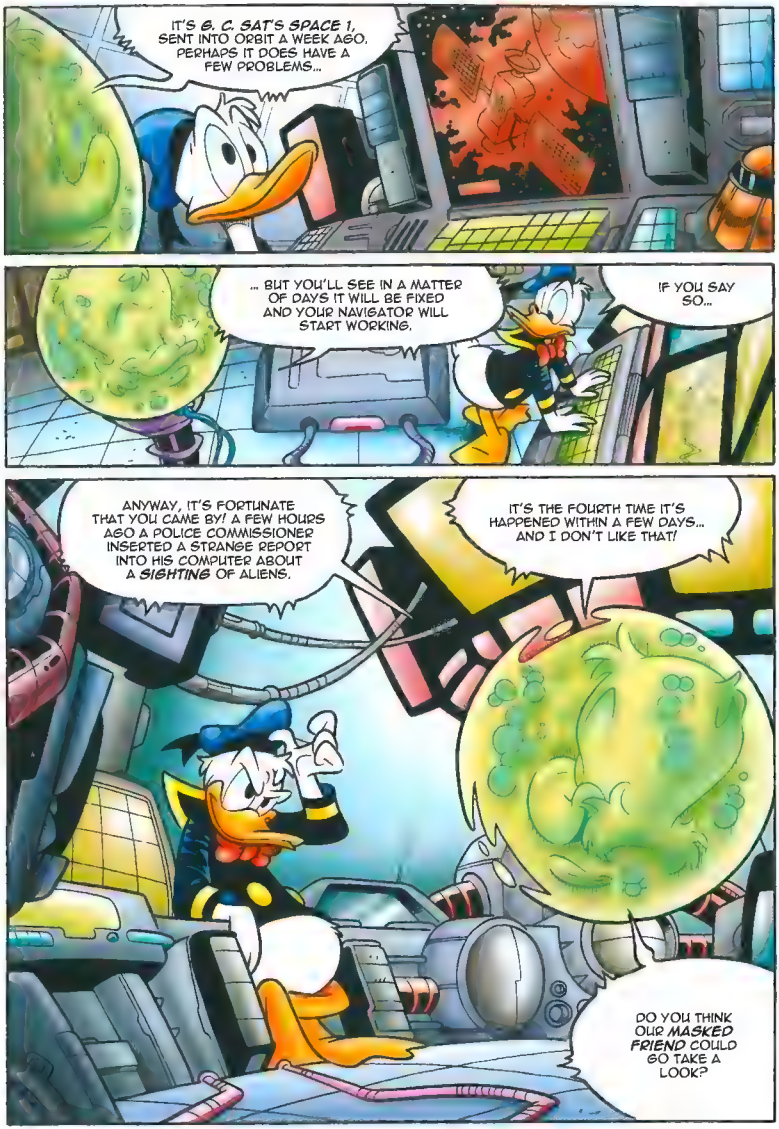

PHEEEW! BY A HAIR...


WHAT IS GOING ON?
THE NEW SATELLITE NAVIGATION SYSTEMS...
313


THEY DON'T APPEAR TO BE WORKING!
SO, ARE YOU GONNA MOPE OR WHAT?
POOT POOT

A VERY STRANGE PHENOMENON TODAY HIT THE CITY OF DUCKBURG.
IN THE SPACE OF THREE HOURS, THE TEMPERATURE HAS GONE FROM *FORTY* TO *FIFTEEN* DEGREES...
... AND ACCORDING TO EXPERTS IT'S SET TO *DECLINE* FURTHER!
COOL
CHAN
THE AFOREMENTIONED SPECIALISTS, HOWEVER, HAVEN'T COMMITTED THEMSELVES TO THE CAUSES, BUT I AM SURE IT IS A CYCLONE OF COLD AIR FROM THE NORTH...
HELLO, ONE.
DONALD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?


ARE YOU ABLE TO *REPAIR* THIS THING?
IT'S A *SATELLITE NAVIGATION SYSTEM*...
I WANTED TO RETURN IT TO THE COMPANY THAT MANUFACTURED IT, BUT THERE WAS A LINE...
SEEMS LIKE ALL THE ONES THEY'VE SOLD ARE DYSFUNCTIONAL...
I'LL CHECK WITH THE *THREE-DIMENSIONAL* SCANNER...
HMM...
FFFTTTT
WELL?
IT LOOKS FINE! THE PROBLEM PROBABLY LIES IN THE *SATELLITE* TRANSMITTING THE SIGNALS.

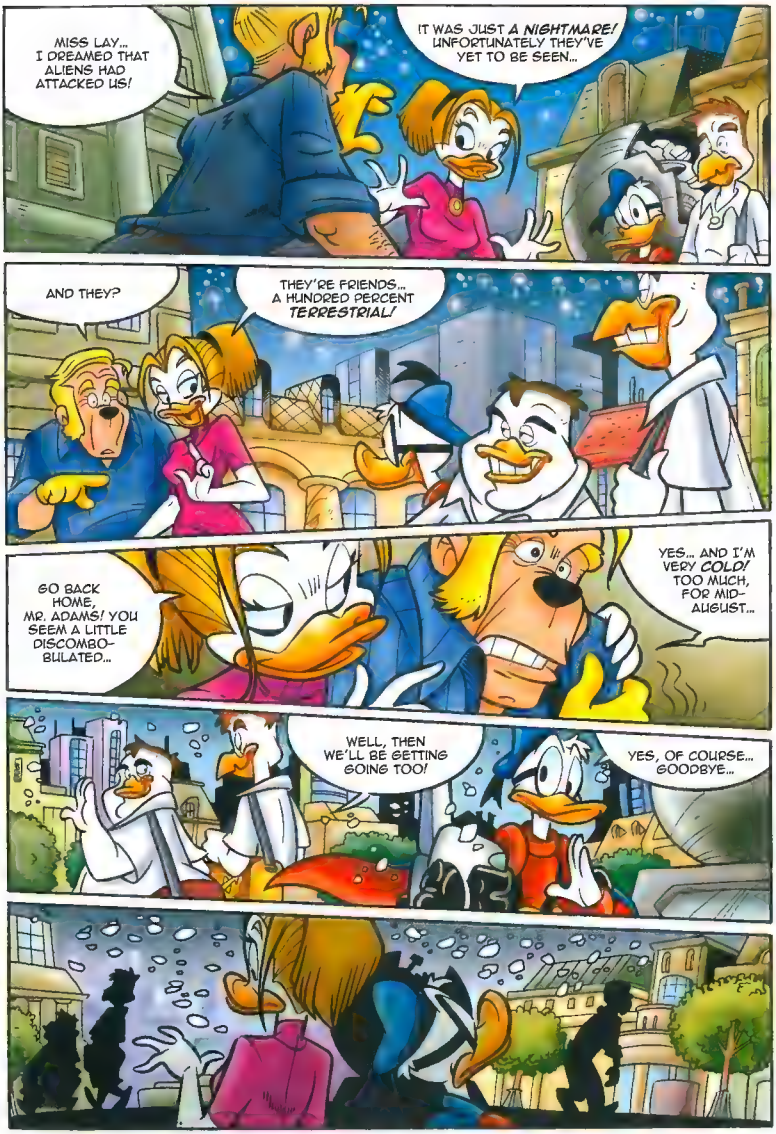

IT'S G. C. SAT'S SPACE 1, SENT INTO ORBIT A WEEK AGO. PERHAPS IT DOES HAVE A FEW PROBLEMS...
... BUT YOU'LL SEE IN A MATTER OF DAYS IT WILL BE FIXED AND YOUR NAVIGATOR WILL START WORKING.
IF YOU SAY SO...
ANYWAY, IT'S FORTUNATE THAT YOU CAME BY! A FEW HOURS AGO A POLICE COMMISSIONER INSERTED A STRANGE REPORT INTO HIS COMPUTER ABOUT A SIGHTING OF ALIENS.
IT'S THE FOURTH TIME IT'S HAPPENED WITHIN A FEW DAYS... AND I DON'T LIKE THAT!
DO YOU THINK OUR MASKED FRIEND COULD GO TAKE A LOOK?

"WHY NOT?"
HEY! LOOK WHO'S THERE!
HI, LYLA!
EEEH?!
MENU
AVENGER! LOOK WHAT YOU DID!
M-ME?
YES, YOU! WAS IT NECESSARY TO COME FROM ABOVE?
WELL, EVERY DUCKBURGIAN KNOWS I CAN FLY!
?
FFTTZZZZ

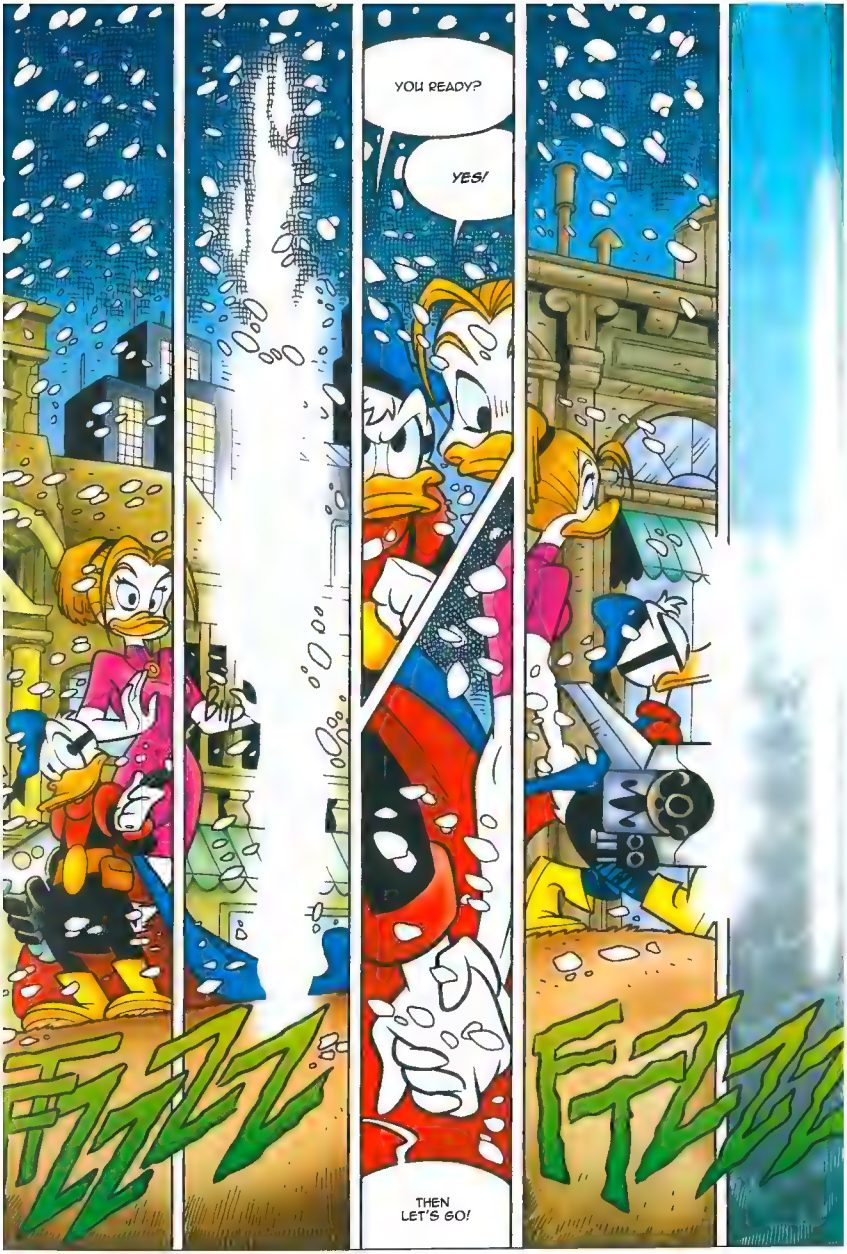
GLOM! AND WHO ARE THEY...
NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE...
EHEM... EXCUSE ME!
FIZZZ
BIP BIP
WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
FROM EARTH, OBVIOUSLY...
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!
ARE THEY UPSET?
OBVIOUSLY! YOU TOLD A LIE!

SO?
ALRIGHT; WE COME FROM TRAAL.
IT'S A PLANET FOUND IN ANOTHER GALAXY, SIX HUNDRED AND THREE LIGHT YEARS FROM HERE...
CONTINUE.
WE'RE TOURISTS.
"VISIT PLANET EARTH AND WITNESS THE GREAT CATASTROPHE"... THAT WAS THE SLOGAN OF THE TRAVEL AGENCY ZARKO...
HOLD ON, WHAT GREAT CATASTROPHE?
THE ONE THAT WILL FOREVER SHUT DOWN PLANET EARTH! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF IT?
EHEM... NO.
WHEN WILL IT HAPPEN? AND HOW?
WE DON'T KNOW! THE AGENCY IS VERY STINGY WITH INFORMATION...

MAYBE THEY DON'T WANT TO RUIN THE SURPRISE!
WHAT TROUBLE!
BUT HOW WILL YOU RETURN TO TRAAL?
WITH OUR BIPS...
PURE TERRESTRIAL DESIGN!
PRESS THE BUTTON AND THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL FROM WHICH WE ARRIVED WILL OPEN! CUTE, ISN'T IT?
MISS LAY!


MISS LAY... I DREAMED THAT ALIENS HAD ATTACKED US!
IT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE! UNFORTUNATELY THEY'VE YET TO BE SEEN...
AND THEY?
THEY'RE FRIENDS... A HUNDRED PERCENT TERRESTRIAL!
GO BACK HOME, MR. ADAMS! YOU SEEM A LITTLE DISCOMBO-BULATED...
YES... AND I'M VERY COLD! TOO MUCH, FOR MID-AUGUST...
WELL, THEN WE'LL BE GETTING GOING TOO!
YES, OF COURSE... GOODBYE...

I'VE GOT THE BIP.
HOW'D YOU DO IT?
I AM A SUPERHERO, AM I NOT?
HEY, THIS IS SNOW...
THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
"IT CAN'T BE SNOWING IN AUGUST!"
THE TEMPERATURE HAS DROPPED EVEN FURTHER AND HAS NOW ARRIVED AT ZERO DEGREES...
THE EXPLANATION OF THE CYCLONE COMING FROM THE NORTH NO LONGER HOLDS...
... AND IT MAKES WAY TO THE THEORY THAT, IN REALITY, IT'S THE FAULT OF THE GREEN-HOUSE EFFECT.
FANGUS


FZZZ
YOU READY?
YES!
THEN LET'S GO!
FZZZ

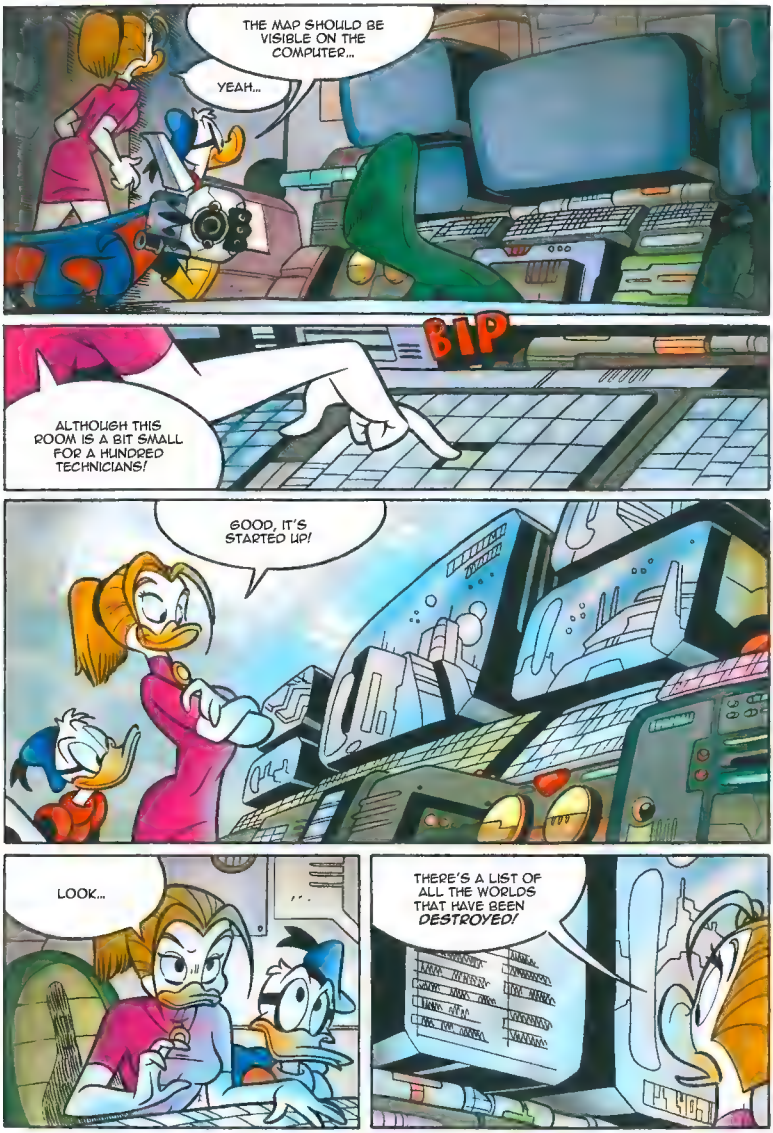
?
!
IT'S... INCREDIBLE!
LOOK, LYLA!

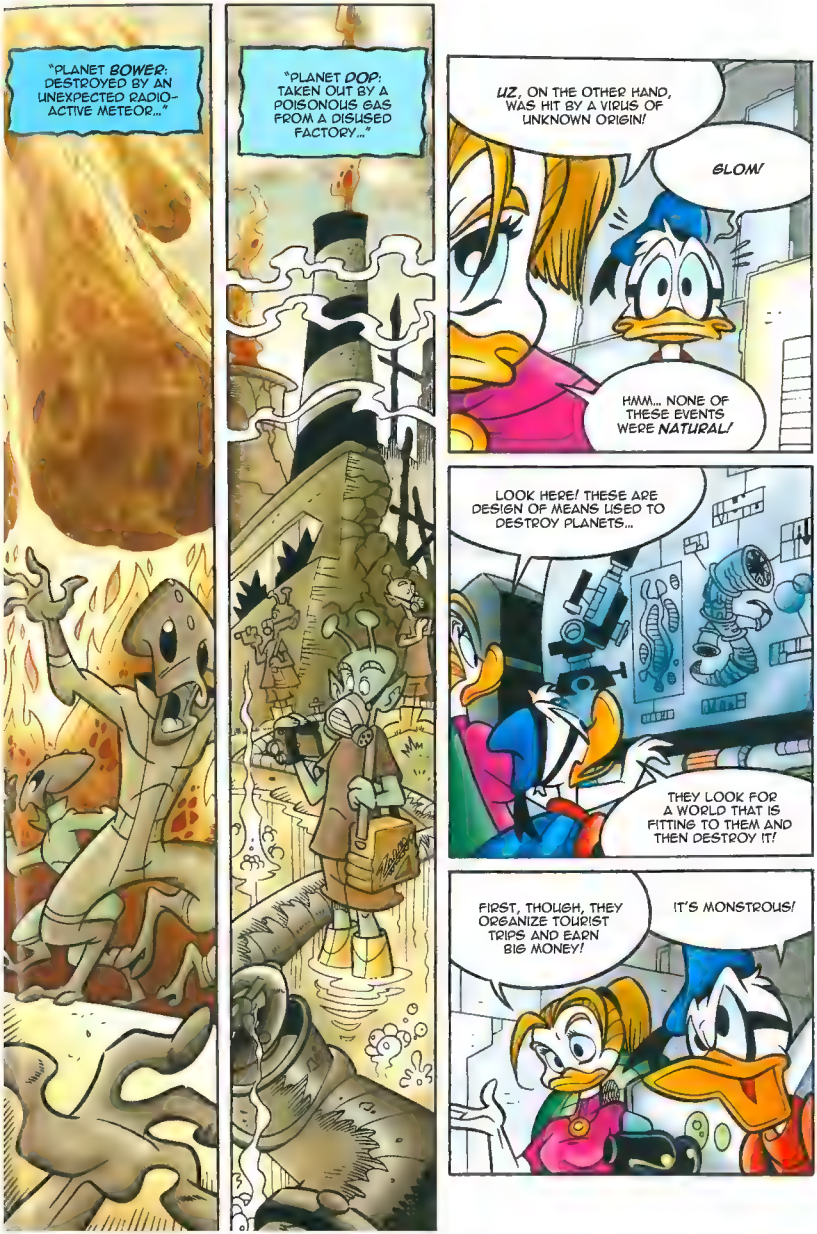
VISIT PLANET EARTH IN THE DAYS OF THE
GREAT
CATASTROPHE
IT'S THE ADVERTISEMENT THAT ALIEN SPOKE OF...
YEAH!
TRAVEL AGENCY ZARKO DISTRICT 32 TRAAL CITY
THERE'S ALSO THE ADDRESS OF THE AGENCY ZARKO...

"... VISIT PLANET WARZ IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT CATASTROPHE..."
HOW DO THEY KNOW IN ADVANCE WHEN A PLANET IS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE?
OFFER
SIMPLE: WE READ IT ON THE MAP!
WHAT MAP?
THE MAP OF THE UNIVERSE UPDATED IN REAL TIME! IT'S MY LATEST, GREAT INVENTION!
YOU ARE EARTHLINGS, CORRECT?
EXACTLY, MISTER...
ZARKO... EMANUEL ZARKO!

"I AM THE LORD OF THIS PLACE!"
MORE THAN A HUNDRED TECHNICIANS MONITOR THE MAP! WHEN THEY SEE THAT A PLANET IS ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED I AM NOTIFIED AND THE AGENCY ORGANIZES THE TRIP!
WHAT'S THE MARGIN OF ERROR?
ERROR? OVER MANY YEARS WE'VE NEVER BEEN WRONG! THAT'S WHY WE'VE CRUSHED THE COMPETITION!
ON TRAAL, LYING AND NOT KEEPING YOUR WORD ARE CONSIDERED SERIOUS CRIMES!
BUT HOW WILL THE EARTH BE... DESTROYED?
WE DON'T KNOW! THE MAP DOES NOT REVEAL IT BEFOREHAND...
CAN WE SEE IT?
NO. I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S A MATTER OF SECURITY!

SHORTLY AFTER...
I DON'T BELIEVE A SINGLE WORD THAT GUY SAID!
ME NEITHER!
WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE WE DO?
USE ALL THE TECHNOLOGY AT DISPOSAL...
"... AND ENTER INSIDE THAT OFFICE TONIGHT!"
CRACK
USE THE TECHNOLOGY AT DISPOSAL, EH?
IT DID WORK!
THIS WAY...
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
WHILE TALKING ABOUT THE MAP, ZARKO LOOKED IN THIS DIRECTION...


THE MAP SHOULD BE VISIBLE ON THE COMPUTER...
YEAH...
BIP
ALTHOUGH THIS ROOM IS A BIT SMALL FOR A HUNDRED TECHNICIANS!
GOOD, IT'S STARTED UP!
LOOK...
THERE'S A LIST OF ALL THE WORLDS THAT HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!


"PLANET BOWER: DESTROYED BY AN UNEXPECTED RADIO-ACTIVE METEOR..."
"PLANET DOP: TAKEN OUT BY A POISONOUS GAS FROM A DISUSED FACTORY..."
UZ, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS HIT BY A VIRUS OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN!
GLOM!
HMM... NONE OF THESE EVENTS WERE NATURAL!
LOOK HERE! THESE ARE DESIGN OF MEANS USED TO DESTROY PLANETS...
THEY LOOK FOR A WORLD THAT IS FITTING TO THEM AND THEN DESTROY IT!
FIRST, THOUGH, THEY ORGANIZE TOURIST TRIPS AND EARN BIG MONEY!
IT'S MONSTROUS!

WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY HAVE IN STORE FOR EARTH!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!
CLICK
STOP!
DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES!
SWIIIIIIIISS
THUD

WE WERE SAYING, LYLA?
I'M SEARCHING FOR THE FILE WITH THE INFORMATION WE SEEK!
ULP! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!
BEST WE GO! WE'LL CONTINUE OUR MISSION ELSEWHERE!

THERE ARE TOO MANY COPS AROUND! HOW DO WE RETURN TO EARTH?
HMM...
IS BLOCKING THE PORTALS REALLY NECESSARY?
THERE ARE TWO DANGEROUS TERRESTRIAL SPIES ON TRAAL AND WE MUST KEEP THEM FROM LEAVING THE PLANET!
BEEP BEEP BEEP
HE'S CLEAR... OPEN IT!
BIP
FIZZZ

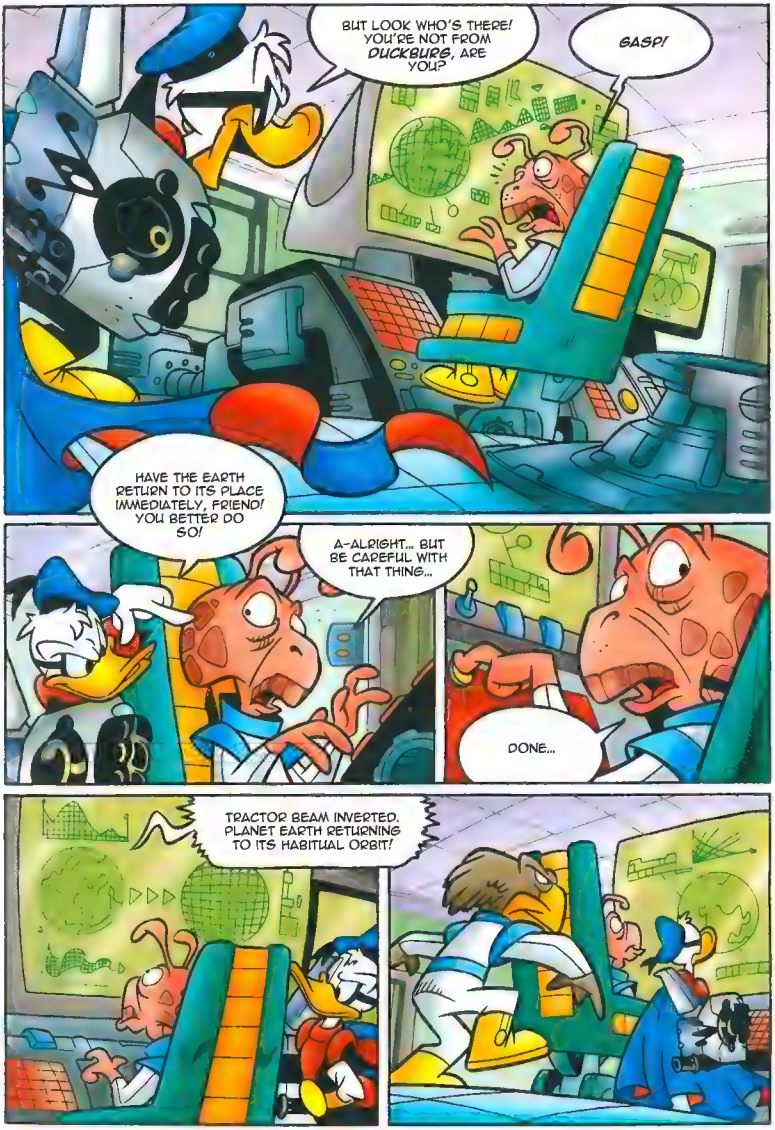
ARE YOU READY, LYLA?
YES.
DON'T LET GO!
WHOOSH
AAAH!
WHAT WAS THAT?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR! IT HAPPENED SO FAST THAT...

AH!
UH!
TUMP
TUMP
BRRR! IT'S FREEZING!
CONSIDERING WE'RE IN AUGUST, IT'S PROBABLE THAT THIS CLIMATE CHANGE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH ZARKO...
HEY, BUT THAT'S...
IT'S ADAMS... HE LOOKS FROZEN!
MR. ADAMS...
HE'S NOT RESPONDING...
LET'S GET HIM SOMEPLACE WARMER!

AT THIS POINT THERE ARE NO MORE DOUBTS; THIS IS HAPPENING DUE TO TOP SECRET EXPERIMENTS CARRIED OUT BY OUR GOVERNMENT IN RECENT DECADES...
ALL AFTERNOON POOR ANGUS HAS BEEN TRYING TO FIND SOMETHING THAT JUSTIFIES THIS CLIMATE CHANGE!
JUST LIKE US...
THINK HARD, ONE... IF YOU WANTED TO FREEZE THE EARTH, HOW WOULD YOU DO IT?
I BELIEVE I'D MOVE IT FROM ITS ORBIT...
THAT WAY THE SUN CAN'T HEAT IT UP AND THE TEMPERATURE WOULD DROP RAPIDLY!
BUT HOW WOULD YOU MOVE IT?
WITH A TRACTOR BEAM... THE PROBLEM WOULD BE WHERE TO PLACE IT! IT'D HAVE TO BE...
A SATELLITE!

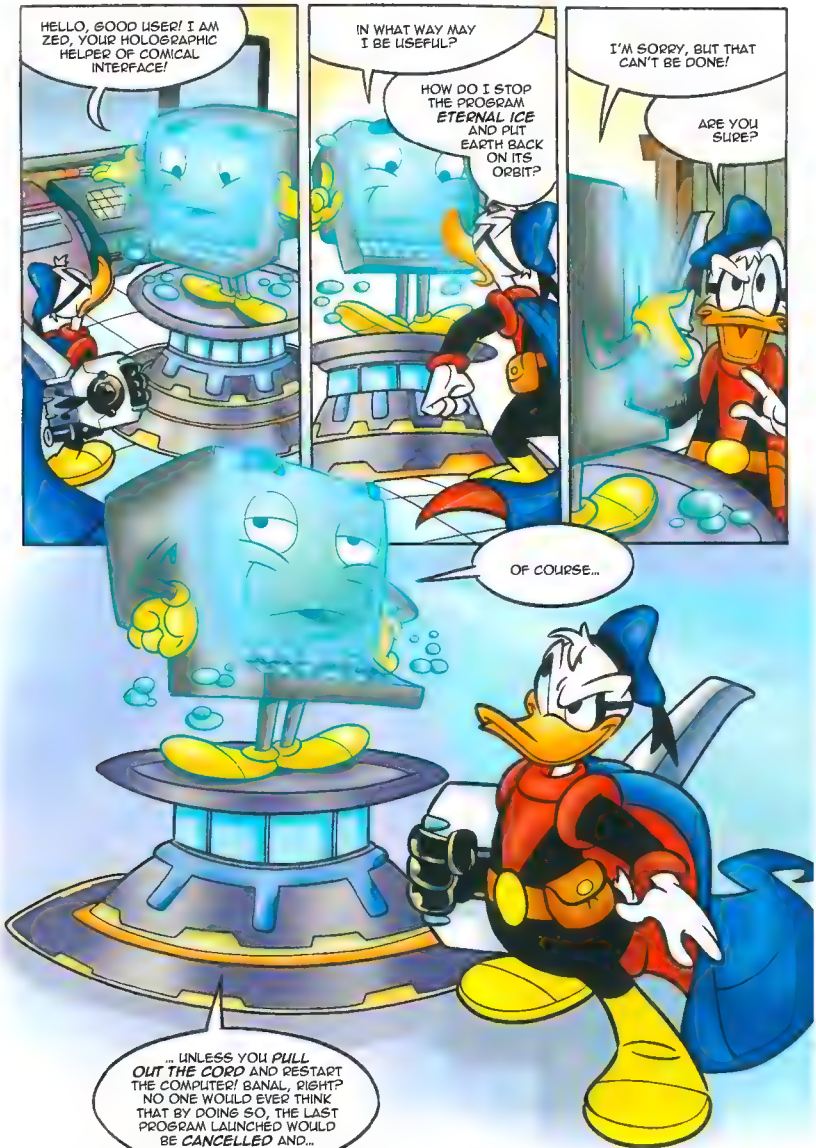
THAT'S WHY THE NAVIGATORS AREN'T WORKING... THE SATELLITE WAS CREATED FOR ANOTHER PURPOSE!
IF SO, WE'LL NEED A SPACESHIP TO GET UP THERE!
NOT NECESSARILY! IF I WERE IN ZARKO'S SHOES, I'D MAKE SURE I HAD CONTROL OF IT ALL FROM EARTH!
AND I'D PUT THE CONTROL ROOM AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF G. C. SAT, THE COMPANY THAT CONSTRUCTED IT!
G. C., YOU SAID? DON'T THESE INITIALS TELL YOU SOMETHING?
GREAT CATASTROPHE!
EXACTLY!
LET'S GO, DUCK AVENGER!

LATER...
NO, NO, AND AGAIN NO! I'M STAYING HERE UNTIL I'VE GOTTEN TO TALK WITH THE DIRECTOR OF G. C. SAT!
DON'T BE LIKE THAT, MISS! OTHERWISE...
SOFTWARE
OTHERWISE? ARE YOU THREATENING ME?
LET GO OF ME!
DO YOU HEAR ME?
ALIENS... PFFT! THIS DOOR COULD RESIST THE SHOTS OF A GLUON DISTORTION CANON...
... BUT IT OPENS WITH WHATEVER METALLIC FRAGMENT! HE HE!


BUT LOOK WHO'S THERE! YOU'RE NOT FROM DUCKBURG, ARE YOU?
GASP!
HAVE THE EARTH RETURN TO ITS PLACE IMMEDIATELY, FRIEND! YOU BETTER DO SO!
A-ALRIGHT... BUT BE CAREFUL WITH THAT THING...
DONE...
TRACTOR BEAM INVERTED. PLANET EARTH RETURNING TO ITS HABITUAL ORBIT!

HI THERE, BUSYBODY!
AAAAAH!
CRASH
PROGRAM "ETERNAL ICE" HAS BEEN LAUNCHED... IN SIXTY SECOND PLANET EARTH WILL EXIT ITS ORBIT AND TEMPERATURE WILL DESCEND TO MINUS TWO HUNDRED DEGREES!
EEEH?!

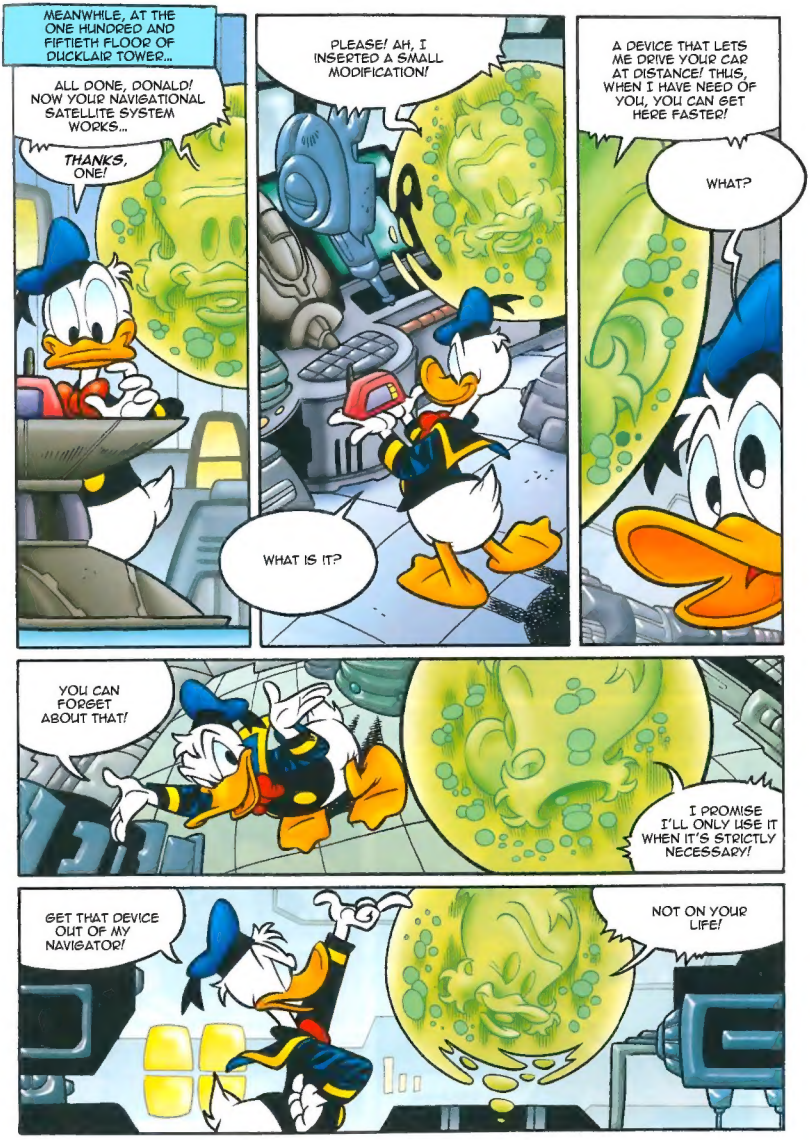
DO SOMETHING, PAL! NOW!
Y-YOU HAVE TO PULL THAT LEVER!
EHEM... WHAT'S THE BACKUP PLAN?
TLACK
TLACK
CALL THE HOLOGRAPHIC HELPER!
AND HOW DO I DO THAT?
PUSH THE BUTTON WITH THE QUESTION MARK!
GP
FTZZZZ
?


HELLO, GOOD USER! I AM ZED, YOUR HOLOGRAPHIC HELPER OF COMICAL INTERFACE!
IN WHAT WAY MAY I BE USEFUL?
HOW DO I STOP THE PROGRAM *ETERNAL ICE* AND PUT EARTH BACK ON ITS ORBIT?
I'M SORRY, BUT THAT CAN'T BE DONE!
ARE YOU SURE?
OF COURSE...
... UNLESS YOU *PULL OUT THE CORD* AND RESTART THE COMPUTER! BANAL, RIGHT? NO ONE WOULD EVER THINK THAT BY DOING SO, THE LAST PROGRAM LAUNCHED WOULD BE *CANCELLED* AND...

OOPS... PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU THAT!
YEAH...
TLAK
BZZZZZ
AUGUST. HEAT. FINALLY...

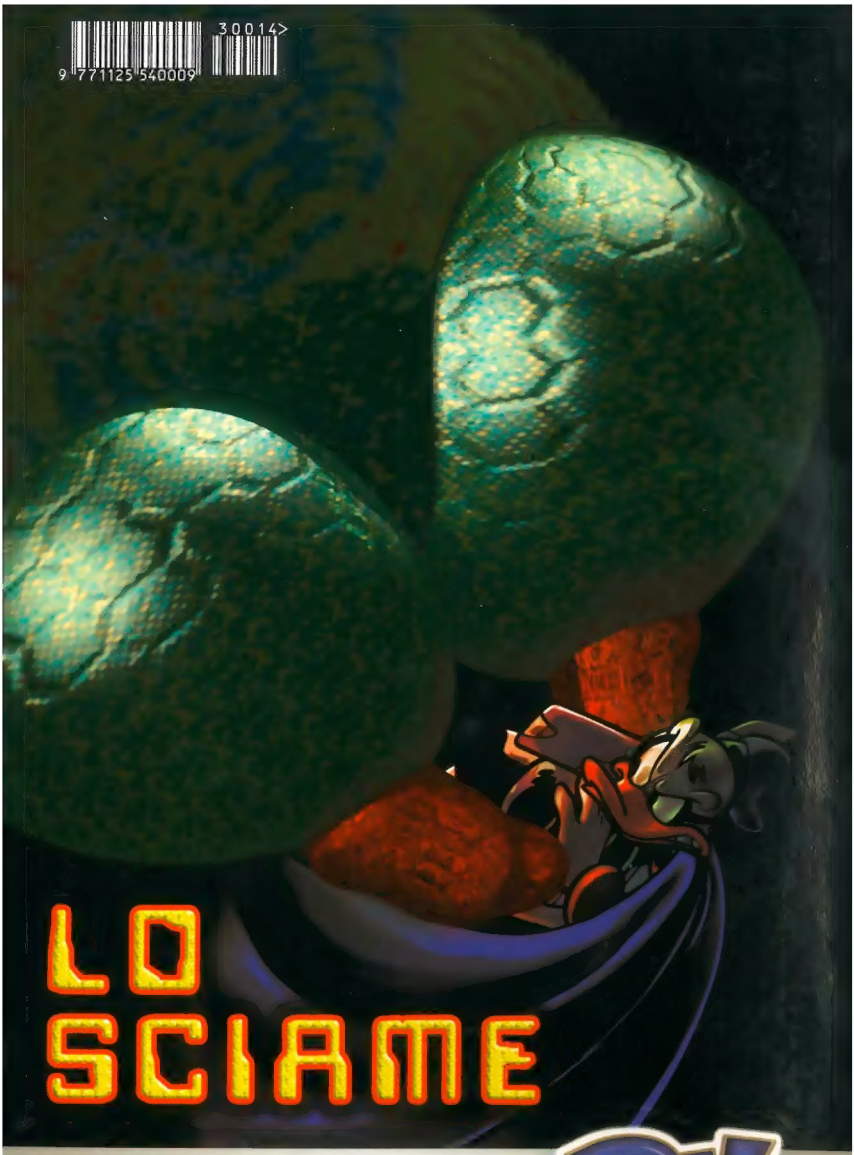
I HAD NEVER IMAGINED SUCH A THING! IT CAN'T BE REAL!
CHANNEL
BUT IT IS! IN ANY CASE, KEEP IT TO YOURSELF...
FORGET THAT!
NO, TOM...
... AND SO, THE TERRIBLE ZARKO OF PLANET TRAAL DIDN'T MANAGE TO DESTROY THE EARTH.
... I DON'T CARE IF HE'S OUR BEST REPORTER...
METHODIUS T GRANT
SEND THAT IDIOT ANGUS TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE!

"OURS IS A TRUE WEB NEWSCAST! IT'S ABSURD TO TALK ABOUT ALIENS!"
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
TRAVEL
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MY AGENCY?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR...
... BUT I THINK WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
LOOK! THERE'S ZARKO!
THAT LIAR!
HE MADE ME GO ALL THE WAY TO EARTH AND THERE WAS NO GREAT CATASTROPHE!
GET HIM!


MEANWHILE, AT THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH FLOOR OF DUCKLAIR TOWER...
ALL DONE, DONALD! NOW YOUR NAVIGATIONAL SATELLITE SYSTEM WORKS...
THANKS, ONE!
PLEASE! AH, I INSERTED A SMALL MODIFICATION!
WHAT IS IT?
A DEVICE THAT LETS ME DRIVE YOUR CAR AT DISTANCE! THUS, WHEN I HAVE NEED OF YOU, YOU CAN GET HERE FASTER!
WHAT?
YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THAT!
I PROMISE I'LL ONLY USE IT WHEN IT'S STRICTLY NECESSARY!
GET THAT DEVICE OUT OF MY NAVIGATOR!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

TUMP
?
?
WHAT WAS THAT?
I DON'T KNOW...
IT'S YOUR DEEP-FROZEN FRIEND!
WE FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIM!
GET HIM OUT OF HERE! THIS PLACE IS THE MOST SECRET AMONG SECRET PLACES!
FIRST YOU PUT THE NAVIGATOR BACK IN ORDER...
WHAT? THIS IS BLACKMAIL!
CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE...
... BUT HURRY UP, ONE! MR. ADAMS IS WAKING UP!
OOOH...
FINE

9 771125 540009 30014>



LO SCIAME

Dal 20 settembre

PK

PIKAPPA